

Chapter 860 A First Time For Everything

Brandon's image on the screen had suddenly stopped moving.

Janet had assumed that a bad connection from the hotel's internet was the culprit.

"Why is the internet so slow? I thought this was supposed to be a five-star hotel." She grumbled as she shook her phone, trying to get a better connection. That was when she saw Brandon's ears getting red.

"Brandon! You perv. You didn't even listen to me when I was talking about something serious and now that I'm taking a bath you're suddenly interested?" Janet shrank back in the bathtub, looking at Brandon with accusing eyes.

Brandon cleared his throat with a cough, but his eyes never strayed from her. "We've never tried this kind of video call before. It could be fun, don't you think?"

He couldn't help himself. This was the first time Brandon had seen Janet in such a seductive position.

His next words took on a bolder tinge. "Stand up and let me see," he ordered, his voice coming out in a low and

smooth rumble.

Janet's skin heated up from embarrassment and heat. She hesitated for a moment, and then braced her hand on the edge of the porcelain bathtub, slowly rising from the water that hid her from his view.

Brandon's breath hitched. A little more and he would see all of her.

Just then, the door was pushed open.

"Boss! I have the materials you want."

The sudden intrusion broke the spell, leaving Janet flabbergasted. She immediately ducked back into the bathtub.

Brandon turned off his phone in one quick motion, and then nonchalantly leafed through the file in his hands as if his employee hadn't interrupted anything.

Sean heard a loud noise.

"What was that sound? Did something fall?" Sean cocked his head to the side as he placed the documents on Brandon's desk. He looked around but found nothing. There was only Brandon sitting casually on his chair. At first glance, nothing seemed amiss. But Brandon's eyes betrayed him, still bearing traces of panic.

Sean raised his eyebrows. It was uncharacteristic of Brandon to be so nervous.

But Sean wisely decided to refrain from asking. Without another word, he turned to leave. Just as he was about to step out of the room, Frank's words crossed his mind. He faced Brandon again and said, "Mr. Watson asked me to deliver a message. He told you not to worry. He'd do everything he could to find that pharmacist. Watch your health. If you feel like there's something wrong—"

But before Sean could finish, Brandon cut him off.

"What are you talking about?" His eyes were cold as he spoke, blatantly motioning towards the phone with his head.

He didn't want Janet to know that he was looking for the pharmacist. He knew she would worry.

It took a few seconds for Sean to recognize what Brandon was doing. He closed his mouth and nodded, and then left the office.


Once he was out the door, Brandon unlocked his phone and continued his call with Janet.

She was still in the bathtub, with only half her face visible. "Did Sean leave?"

"He's gone." A few seconds of silence lapsed with Brandon looking at the still-blushing Janet, and then the two burst into laughter at the unexpected turn of events.

The heat of the moment was gone. There was only a calm, easy feeling between them.

Janet remembered Sean's words. "Who is the pharmacist Sean was talking about?" she asked curiously.

"It's about work. The Larson Group will be partnering with an overseas pharmaceutical company in a few days," Brandon explained briefly and calmly. 

Janet knew Brandon well enough to know that he didn't want to talk about it anymore, so she didn't press. A yawn came from her. It was late, and the warm water was starting to make her feel sleepy.

Brandon's eyes turned soft as he looked at her fighting off her drowsiness. "Go to bed. You're tired," he said. Seeing that her hair was still wet, he reminded her, "Don't forget to dry your hair before you sleep."

Janet rubbed her eyes. "Okay. Don't forget to eat. And don't be mad at me anymore."

With their final good nights, Janet hung up. A slow, unconscious smile crept on Brandon's lips, and he shook his head fondly. He turned around and opened the takeout boxes on the table, and then picked up the documents Sean had brought. He ate as he read through them.

The files contained info that Sean had collected after investigating the pharmacist. It turned out that he had many aliases, using one for a short time before disappearing and changing into another one.

No distinguishable pattern came out from the list of victims. The scope was too wide to be narrowed down. Some were rich while others were unknown. It was impossible to decipher his tendencies, almost as if he was randomly picking anyone to be the test subject for his medicine.

Brandon wondered if it was truly a coincidence that this man sold medicine to Charis.

The deeper the probe went, the more complicated things appeared to be.

The next day, in Northcliffe.

Warm sunlight streamed into the room. Janet furrowed her brows, turning over and covering her head with the quilt. She didn't want to get up yet, but her plans of going back to sleep were sabotaged by the sound of the doorbell.

With a groan, she got up, and then went to open the door. Her bleary, sleep-filled eyes widened at the sight of a luxurious breakfast and a huge bouquet of roses.

"Ma'am, a gentleman asked us to bring these to you." The waiter pushed the cart into the room and placed the food and flowers on the table before leaving. ①